

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

These are Milestones That Make Our British History

From J. M. Michaelson

JUST two hundred years ago a clause was added to the Turnpike Acts making it compulsory for all roads to be measured and marked with mileposts. In the two hundred years that have passed since then, many thousands of milestones of different types have been erected on every major and minor road of Britain, and although some were removed under the threat of invasion in 1940, to-day they are being replaced. A great number of these mileposts are strictly utilitarian, and even ugly, but there are others which form an interesting record of the history of our roads through the centuries.

MILESTONES — they were more often wooden posts about five feet high—were required on the roads in the 18th century because the Turnpike Acts allowed the owners to charge a toll for the upkeep of the roads, the charge varying with the distance travelled. The tollkeepers were notoriously grasping, and many were the disputes with irate travellers.

The Post Office also charged by the mile, and its messengers were also subject to abuse by people who considered they had been overcharged. A huge milepost at Sheffield Green, in Sussex, was erected by Lord Sheffield to end once and for all his disputes with the postboys. The stone must have cost a considerable sum,

but no doubt his Lordship quickly saved this by using it as evidence in his arguments!

The origin of certain mileposts in Fifeshire, showing fractions of a mile, is said to have been in the same kind of dispute, the careful inhabitants objecting to paying for a yard more than necessary!

It was the growth of the post that first led to standardisation of the mile at eight furlongs of 220 English yards each. Before that, several kinds of mile had been in use, and for some time afterwards mileposts showing the distances in two kinds of mile were in existence.

The posts on the London-Birmingham road showed the distance 27 miles less accord-

ing to the Post Office than according to the carriers.

The milestones on the London-Brighton road were "adjusted" to show the distance as 49 miles instead of the correct fifty. The origin of this was the dislike of George IV for his Ministers—a dislike that was returned.

The law was that the King could not go 50 or more miles from London without being accompanied by his Ministers. Brighton was George IV's favourite haunt. The Ministers spoilt it for him and he spoilt it for them, so they mutually agreed it should be 49 miles from London—and the milestones proved it!

The Romans erected milestones on the fine roads they built in Britain, but very few of these remain. Two are in museums in Buxton and Leicester. The latter stone was found some years ago being used as a garden roller. It had apparently been used for this purpose for a long time after being found in a field, the owner having no idea of the origin of the stone cylinder. Most of the inscription had been weathered away, but the date 120 A.D. could be deciphered.

Another Roman stone remains in position in Northumberland, although the road has changed its position, so that the milestone is some distance from it. The top has been knocked off and the inscription cannot be read.

All through the Middle Ages there were very few milestones, and we guess at their existence only through references, as none have come down to us. There were, however, some milestones before the Turnpike Acts.

One survives in the garden of a garage in South London, where it was set up after being found some years back in an old house that was being demolished. It is dated 1654, and announces that it was erected by T. Nuthall of Rown (Rochampton). What the rest of the inscription means can only be guessed. It reads: "From London towns to Portsea Down they say tis myls three score. Out of 4 teams I took 5 horse and left them 5 in 4 with which I sent you up this stone . . . not more."

The stone is referred to as being in position in a book published in 1814. Then it disappeared, and how it reached the old house remains a mystery.

An interesting milestone, recalling the conditions on the roads in the 17th and 18th centuries, is near Sheffield. It is known as "The Highwayman's Stone," and the hole bored through the centre of it is supposed to have been for the highwayman, lying concealed behind it, to watch the approach of his victims!

In contrast is the post on Minchinhampton Common that directs the traveller and tells him the distances to the next towns. According to tradition, the post is driven through the heart of a highwayman known as Tom Long, buried on the spot! "Gazetteer" mileposts are



Tel. P. Haverty—Take your first look at Sweet Marie Elizabeth

THIS is one picture Telegraphist Peter Haverty is longing to see. It is of his 20-year-old wife, Dorothy—same age as himself—and first-born daughter, Marie Elizabeth, photographed when exactly three weeks old.

Despite coaxing and the making of unusual sounds, Marie persists in having a nap, but Daddy will be able to see, when on leave, that she can be as "lively as a cricket" sometimes. He has not seen her yet, but regular bulletins of his wife's and baby's progress have been sent to him from the new abode—Dorothy is living with her mother now—at 14 Leslie Road, Sheffield.

Marie has been christened already, in a lovely lace gown specially knitted for the occasion, and is named after Dorothy's sister, a private in the A.T.S.

Dorothy was in the A.T.S., too, until her marriage. She joined when she was 17½, and liked the life—especially after she met Peter.

"Peter and I have both got one good wish—we both longed for a girl, and I can hardly wait until he has seen her," Dorothy told the "Good

Morning" reporter. She smiles reminiscently now, to think that at first Peter said he could not stand "Yorkshire lasses," and Dorothy had retorted that she heartily disliked Cockneys! Well, well!

Peter joined the Navy as a career at sixteen, and was recently transferred to the Submarine Service, and is busy "swotting" hard on a course. And all's well at home, Peter, Dorothy and Marie send you their fondest love—that's a special message for you.



interesting and curious, not limiting themselves to the mileage to the next towns, but to all parts of England. There is one at the end of the 212th mile from London on the Aberystwyth road, and another, known as the "White Lady," on the outskirts of Esher. This gives the distance, not only to Hyde Park Corner, but also to a score of other places in all directions.

The distance to Hyde Park Corner recalls that after the road measurers had agreed on the length of their mile, they had still to agree on where in London distances should be measured from. Hyde Park Corner, Marble Arch, Charing Cross and London Bridge have been used. The distance can vary according to the spot chosen.

The Romans, with characteristic efficiency, set up a special stone for measuring distances from London. The London Stone is still in existence, but railed off, as people had threatened to ruin it by carving their initials on it.

Some milestones served the double purpose of showing the distance and helping a man on his horse. There is a fine specimen of the "mounting block" milestone still on the Beverley-York road, as you see in the illustration. There is another mounting block, unnoticed by the thousands of

Londoners who pass it, in Waterloo Place, near Pall Mall. It was put there specially for the Duke of Wellington when he no longer found getting on his horse easy.

The tendency to-day is all towards standardisation and making milestones easy for the motorist to read while travelling at speed, although they are much more important to pedestrians and cyclists! It cannot be said that modern milestones are often artistic, although there are exceptions.

The milestones near Cambridge have charming simplicity, and Roman numerals which show 4 as IIII and 9 as VIIII. On some of the milestones the old names of towns are still used. You may see "Sarum" for Salisbury and "Lanson" for Launceston.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Tall Men are not so weak

(Says Fred Hay)

HAVE you happened to notice how small men appear to hold commanding positions? No one would call Mr. Churchill, General Alexander, Montgomery, Tedder, or Ramsay, "tall," yet they have that power of leadership that brings success.

Throughout the centuries there has been a belief that tall men die young, or lack the necessary things essential for success in life. Of late years, however, this has been proved incorrect.

In the world of sport, Primo Carnera, a giant of boxing, won the championship; Frank Woolley, the Kent cricketer, who was very tall, showed himself a master of the summer art; while Joe Nicholls, 6ft. 4½ in. tall, was until a season or so ago one of the greatest goalkeepers in football.

Now another giant has come into the news in the person of Major-General Walter Lentaigne, who has been chosen to succeed the late General Wingate. The new chief of the Chindit columns tops 6ft. 4½ in., and has proved himself to be a real leader of men. So have other giants, especially in this war, and I should imagine, for many years to come, that mothers who rear tall sons will ridicule the old adage "A tall son is a dull son."

One of the tallest men in the world is Wadeslaw Talun, who was born in the woods near Vilna, on the Polish-Lithuanian frontier. In this isolated spot the man who is now a 7ft. tall wrestling star first saw the light of day. As he grew up, so did he achieve fame throughout Poland, but as he lived in a wild area, far from towns, few knew the extent of his real height. A gamekeeper by profession, he once caught four men poaching—and carried them all, two under each arm, to the local gaol! On another occasion, without any assistance, he righted a two-ton truck that had overturned into a ditch!

When the famous wrestling brothers, the Zbyszskos, were wrestling in the National Polish Wrestling Tournament, held at Vilna, they heard fantastic

stories about this strange and very strong man, so they decided to meet him.

What the wrestlers saw impressed, and they asked Talun if he would care to become a wrestler. He accepted, and is now in America, where he is hailed as next world wrestling champion. He has impressed people who have so often seen tall men—and that's no mean feat in itself!

Only a short time ago there lived in the United States the tallest boy in the world. Robert Wadiow, of Michigan, stood 8ft. 9 in. in his stockinged feet, and weighed 35 stone. He was perfect in every way, and took a size 18 in shoes, which cost £21 a pair!

Bob Wadiow, a quiet and retiring fellow, showed that he possessed a keen business mind. He was marked down for a big career—in more senses than one!—when he had a bad blister on his right foot. This turned septic—and the giant of the earth died!

The skeleton of perhaps Britain's biggest man, Charles Byrne, is one of the showpieces of the College of Surgeons. This measures 8ft. 2 in., which means that in life he must have been two or even three inches longer. On his death-bed, 150 years ago, Byrne's last wish was that his body should be taken twenty miles out to sea and dropped into the ocean. On no account did he wish to be dissected.

This wish was about to be granted when a famed surgeon offered £500 for the dead man's

body. It was accepted—and has since proved of very great use to generations of doctors.

I once chatted to a giant, Paul Harte, who was a native of Rumania. He was over 7ft. 5 in. tall, very strong, and a star performer in circuses all over the Continent. Although only twenty years of age, he pulled in a steady £200 a week by various acts and advertisements.

"Being a giant is a short life but a gay one," he told me with a smile. "One of the big drawbacks is that the little fellows appear to get quite a kick out of making a big chap 'look small.' Fortunately, I ignore any wisecracks from other people."

A week later, when chasing a circus dwarf who had teased him, Paul tripped over a tent-pole—and broke his neck!

With the passing of years, and a more open mind on the part of everyone, the pleasant things of life, so often denied the giant of yesteryear, can today be his. Perhaps it is because of this that more tall people live to a ripe old age. Whereas, up to about twenty years ago, few giants lived to their thirtieth birthday, there were many who had topped this mark touring with shows before the war.

So if you're tall, and have heard those old stories about tall folk leaving this earth young, and never making a success of anything, just smile. After all, it's just an old maid's tale—and you can prove it—especially to the young maids!



"It was hidden Treasure"

PART 13

THE detective instinct in Martin was aroused. He tried to follow the workings of Morrow's mind. The man must have had very good reasons to make him act as he had. But what were these reasons? Why should he be dissatisfied with the jury's verdict? And, above all, what could a search of that cellar passage have to with it?

It was a casual question of his sister's at lunch the next day which set him on a new track—or rather, back on to an old one.

"Do you think Major Morrow suspects anybody else of being mixed up in this business?" she asked him suddenly.

"I don't know. Who could he suspect?" Martin answered vaguely. "Who is there?"

"I only wondered." Then there flashed back into Martin's mind an old, unsubstantiated suspicion. John Nickel—had he anything to do with it? He might have known of Bealing's search. He had found the dead man...

"I do nothing but wonder," he said, and they dropped the subject.

But Martin set out soon after the meal to pay his promised visit of inspection to the boat Nickel had offered to sell him.

The Gannet was moored well out towards the middle of the creek, and already she was afloat on the rising tide. Nickel had certainly been working on her. She looked trim and seaworthy, her new paint reflected in the still water.

Martin turned the corner, and found himself right on the cottage, a cheerful enough looking place save for its surroundings of rubbish. He pushed in through the garden gate, and knocked. Twice he hammered at the door without reply. He looked about him for a boat.

There was one drawn up on the shore a few yards farther along. He pulled her little anchor out of the sandy mud, and shoved off. This manoeuvre, at any rate, should bring Nickel out of hiding.

It was an easy pull, and he hailed the boat as he drew near. Nobody answered the hail. Soon he was alongside, and scrambling aboard. But she seemed to be deserted. The cabin door which led from the open well of the boat was locked, and, though paint-pots and brushes lay about, and all the signs of work, the brushes were nearly dry.

Martin peered through the skylight, but it was far too dark to see anything within. Then he

Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

went forward to see if the hatch to the fore-peak was loose. It was fast, as he stooped over, trying to shift it, there came to his nostrils the unmistakable scent of a burning oil stove.

Hardly realising what he did, he stood up, sniffing the air. There was no doubt about it. It was paraffin, and mingled with it was the smell of coarse tobacco.

So Nickel was aboard, hiding, and determined not to discover himself. Very well. Then Nickel should have no cause to think that he was suspected. Martin ambled casually back and made a leisurely tour of the deck, feeling all the while that unseen eyes were watching him.

What to make of this he could not decide. Nickel, he knew, was a sly dog, but he could see no reason for this secrecy, unless it were a guilty conscience.

Martin landed, and secured the boat as he had found it; then, still playing his part, tried Nickel's door again. That should satisfy the spying eyes in the Gannet, he thought, as he wandered away through the gathering darkness.

What was Nickel's game? There flashed through Martin's mind the thought that he might learn something were he to watch a little while in hiding. A light in Nickel's cottage, perhaps, or some sound of life from the Gannet...

A CHILL breeze came up as the darkness deepened. Martin turned up his coat-collar and thrust his hands into his pockets. The wind freshened quickly, and soon the heavy cloud that had obscured the sky all day broke apart.

This meant a change in the weather; the wind had gone north, from the feel of it, and it was growing uncommonly cold crouching there against the fence. But the visibility was improving. The black hull of the Gannet was clear now, though Nickel's house still lay in deep shadow.

Martin strained his eyes towards the boat, sometimes imagining that he saw a flicker of light aboard her, but never certain. The silence of night settled over the country, though it was little past five o'clock.

For the best part of an hour he stood watching, with nerves tense and senses alert. Sometimes he called himself a fool for his pains. Why waste time like this to prove what?

JANE

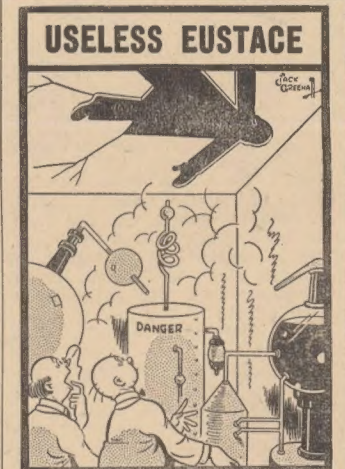


Cramped and cold, he had fallen into a sort of waking dream, when a new sound broke in upon his musings, and his head swung round instinctively towards the direction from which it came.

Some one was crossing the field, along the footpath. Martin dropped to his knees. The footsteps grew clearer. Whoever was coming was hurrying. On hands and knees, Martin edged nearer the gate.

The odds were that it would only be some labourer; yet the steps were not the regular, stolid plod of the countryman. Dimly he picked out the dark form of a man in a long coat which flapped in the wind.

His eyes followed the man intently. It was a difficult task; there were moments when he lost him altogether, then he would pick him up again, no more than a moving blur against a murky background.



"H'm the professor said he'd perfect his new explosive if it was the last thing he did—!"

At last he lost sight of him in the shadows of the night. He stood, still as the silent wall of rock against which he leaned, waiting for a knock or a whistle, or some noise of an opening door. But no sound came.

Then came a faint sound that set Martin's heart beating hard; the grating of a boat's keel upon the shore, a light splash as oars touched the water, and then a little black dot moving out towards where the hull of the Gannet showed up on the inky water.

Then, just for a second, a light did show from the boat. It went as suddenly as it had appeared, like a match blown out by the wind. Martin raised himself slowly from his crouching position, and stared into the night.

Suddenly Martin was aware that he was not alone. There was a rustle close behind him, a sharp gasp of alarm, and he turned to see, almost upon him, a dark, slight figure.

"I see you," he whispered fiercely. "Don't move." A little gasp answered him.

"Oh! Oh, Mr. Lynn, is it you? It's Anstice."

"What in heaven's name are you doing in this place?"

"Mr. Watson," she whispered, "I followed him. He came across the footpath, and he's gone down towards Nickel's cottage. I saw him over the hedge and I was creeping along to get a better view..."

He laughed softly.

"And then you came upon me, and I turned and threatened you. No wonder you were scared. I was too, Anstice. I thought you were going to attack me."

"What he's up to, Anstice, I'm hanged if I know," Martin added quietly. "But if he's gone to see Nickel, he's meeting him on that boat out there. I saw him row out."

What the discoveries of the afternoon portended it was hard to determine. This brought Nickel definitely into the Watson plot; but how long had they been working together, he wondered? And was it Watson or Nickel that Morrow suspected?

He must talk things over with Madge. She had an uncanny power of reaching conclusions.

Madge looked up as he entered, and put her book down.

"I've had a caller," she said with a slow smile. "Things are beginning to move, Martin. Mr. Watson's been again—"

"Watson can't have been here," he protested.

Madge stared in bewilderment at her brother.

"Of course I'm sure, Martin. You look dazed—what's the matter. And where have you been? You're all covered in mud."

"But I was watching Watson up till about half an hour ago," he went on insistently. "He's gone down to Nickel's cottage—or rather to his boat. It's a most extraordinary thing..."

"Most. I assure you he was here at six o'clock, and left, as I say, just before you came. I kept him deliberately, trying to pump him. He wanted to know if he could borrow your Porthwick History, but unfortunately, I could not lend it to him."

She laughed. "I said the case was locked and you had the key. But I've been reading it since—look." She picked up the book she had been reading. "Martin there's something in this he wants to see, and I'm trying to find out what it is."

Bewildered, Martin told his story; and he almost agreed with her when she said crisply:

"The only certain thing about it is that you didn't see Mr. Watson."

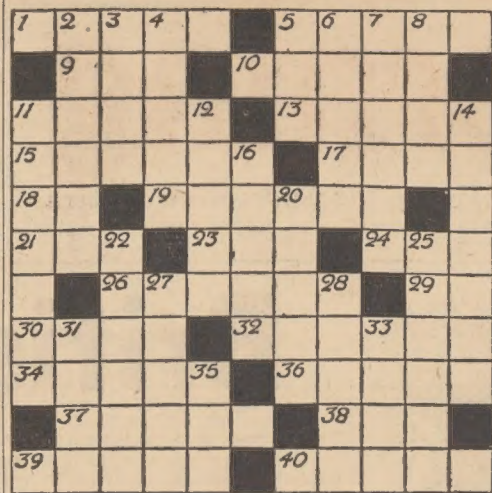
"Let's have a look at the book," he answered, extending his hand.

He glanced through old Paine's history. It seemed innocent enough; a typical product of its time, with rather ponderous text and half a dozen stiff plates of the town and its surroundings.

"There's this note about Parker's Point, you know," he said, turning to the page.

"Yes, I saw that. But he

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Twist.
- 5 Adjudge.
- 9 Portable trough.
- 10 Girl's name.
- 11 Savoury.
- 13 Captive.
- 15 Abstract.
- 17 Rodent.
- 18 For instance.
- 19 Meddle.
- 21 Novel.
- 23 Nothing.
- 24 Trouble.
- 25 Lessened.
- 29 Short number.
- 30 Cream colour.
- 32 Scarcely.
- 34 Red.
- 36 Irks.
- 37 Give rise to.
- 38 Big receptacle.
- 39 Girl's name.
- 40 Information.

CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Debit.
- 3 Cordage.
- 4 Order.
- 5 Curve.
- 6 Work at loom.
- 7 Sort of goat.
- 8 Dance.
- 11 Over-jacket.
- 12 Girl's name.
- 14 Spreads from column to line.
- 16 Metal worker.
- 20 Fold.
- 22 Guardian.
- 25 Creeks.
- 27 Move.
- 28 Golf stroke.
- 31 Republic.
- 33 Attract.
- 35 Nevertheless.

CHIN ROOTED
REMOTE HONE
ARAB ARMADA
COG APE SUN
KNEAD SITES
CHEER
SPATE NEARS
COB ROT SAW
ELOPED TINE
NAVE ORUDGE
TREATS BEET

could have found that in any copy. I believe there's something in this particular copy he wants. Could there be anything in the binding?"

"I don't want to rip the thing open," he said with a book-lover's reluctance.

"Perhaps it's another book," Madge said irrelevantly. "What else have you bought from this man's firm lately?"

"Only one or two," he commented thoughtfully. "There's this thing about the coins, and Howard Pyle's pirate book—they're both modern; they couldn't have anything to do with it."

Madge joined him, and took out Pyle's *Buccaneers*. She skimmed, it casually, turning, woman-like, to the end and running backwards

"It was John Parker, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Yes." "Did you know there was a pirate of that name?" Madge went on.

"A pirate? Good Lord, no. What do you mean?"

"Well, it says so," she answered uncertainly.

She passed the book to him, and he seized on it. There was a list of men captured with the infamous pirate, Bartholomew Roberts, in his notorious ship, the *Royal Fortune*. Against each name was that of the ship in which he had served before taking to Roberts's wild trade. And in that list one name stood out, causing Martin to exclaim in amazement:

"John Parker. *Willing Mind of Pool*. Good heavens, Madge!" he cried in sheer astonishment. "Parker—the *Willing Mind*. Why, that's our man! I didn't tell you, but the pub—the 'Cosworth Arms'—it was called the 'Willing Mind' once."

Madge's eyes were alight with excitement.

"Think of the cheek of the fellow," her brother continued. "And can't you imagine it. The wicked old scoundrel coming back here

with all his ill-gotten gains. And having the nerve to call his pub after his old ship. For, of course, this explains it. He lived at the pub. That's why there's a passage—"

Madge was frowning at her own thoughts.

"Then there's that other book," she said, as if to herself. "The one Anstice heard Bealing and Watson talking of. What was that, I wonder? That fits in somewhere with Watson's scheme, I'll be bound. I wonder... I wonder..." She looked up suddenly, and there was daring in her dark grey eyes.

"I'm going to get hold of Mr. Watson's book some day," she said quietly. "Two can play at that game."

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A rype is a Hindoo priest, bird, small turnip, young goat, measure of land?
2. Who wrote (a) *Aurora Leigh*, (b) *Aurora Floyd*?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Plum, Medlar, Quince, Thornapple, Cranberry, Mulberry.
4. What cloud effect is named after a fish?
5. At what sport did Nurmi become famous?
6. Who lives at Hyde Park, U.S.A.?
7. Which of the following are miss-spelt? Exotic, Esoteric, Eueptic, Epidemmic, Eccentric, Elliptic.
8. In what cities are (a) The Parthenon, (b) The Pantheon?
9. What is the regulation weight of boxing gloves?
10. What is Ginger Rogers's real Christian name?
11. For what was Stentor famous?
12. Name three British birds beginning with the words Red, White and Green respectively.

Answers to Quiz in No. 373

1. Jellyfish.
2. (a) Sir Walter Scott, (b) H. G. Wells.
3. Chinchilla is a cat; others are dogs.
4. Half-crown, shilling, three-pence.
5. Welsh.
6. St. Crispin.
7. Absorbent, Achievement.
8. Forty.
9. Tight-rope walking.
10. Ruff's Guide.
11. Since 1704.
12. Kite, Kestrel, Kingfisher, etc.

WANGLING WORDS—320

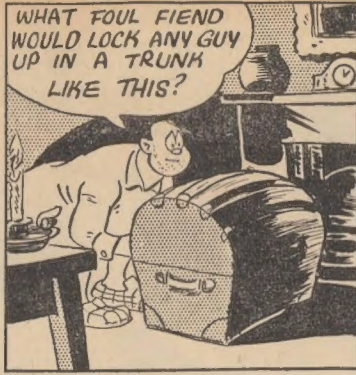
1. Put an animal in DETD and make it resolved.
2. In the following popular song title, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Lal kebsat 'mi ni guntipt ym eon seg.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change PALS into MATE and then back again into PALS, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden animal in: To pass this examination you must be clever, et cetera.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 319

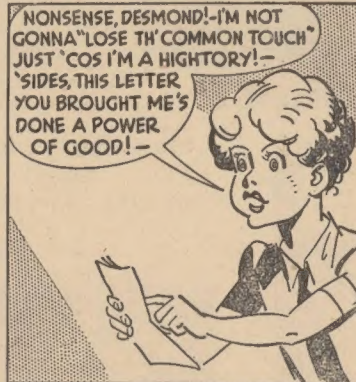
1. ClimbER.
2. The boy stood on the burning deck
3. SPARS, sears, bears, BEATS, seats, spats, SPARS.
4. Par-rot.



BEELZEBUB JONES



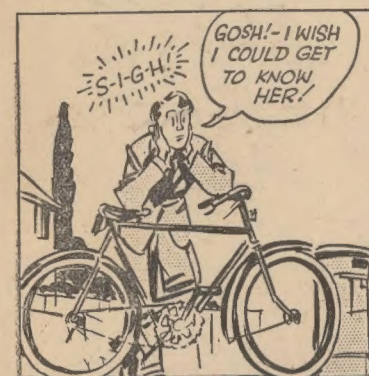
BELINDA



POPEYE



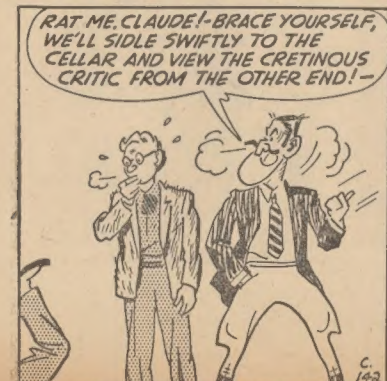
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



IN a night club we talked about clubs and decided there must be a club for everything. "Particularly in America," my friend said, "you're sure to come across a few that probably strike you as being as nutty as a pre-war fruit cake."

Most amusing of all America's clubs is the "Liars Club." As its title suggests, it was formed for men who reckoned they could tell the biggest fib. Each year they held a big competition to see who could tell the most unlikely yarn. A big hall was hired, and people paid to see the performance. All moneys taken in this manner were given to charity.

Politicians are always encouraged to compete, and one of the best tales ever told was by a Senator, who said that the shadow caused by a swinging clock pendulum had resulted in a hole being made in the wall of his house!

One of the most important and biggest of all America's organisations is the Hobo Club. It has as its members thousands of tramps who cover the United States. These men, who have a sign language all their own, keep a record of the people who treat them well. In due course they pass on this information to other bums, who not only seek assistance, but often repay the folk for the helping hand they gave to fellow members.

Every year, members, by a secret method, elect a president. The present president created a sensation by announcing that all club members were going to take part in a hunt for Fifth Columnists and Nazi spies.



IN one American school, a club called "The Goldfish Gobblers" was formed. Boys and girls used to have competitions to discover the person who could swallow the most goldfish in a certain number of minutes. The fish, on the small side, were alive. The craze for clubs of this type spread from one end of the States to another—but when several youngsters became seriously ill the clubs disbanded as quickly as they were formed!

One of the most human clubs is the "Cured Cancer Club." As its name shows, members are people who have been cured of the disease. As the doctors and scientists continue their work on behalf of sufferers, so the membership grows.

Throughout Britain, of course, you will find the "Henpecked Husband Club." "John Citizen," after he has washed up, put the kids to bed, and taken the wife and mother-in-law to the pictures, calls in the "local" to see his pals, and complains. "Let's form a Henpecked Husbands Club," he will suggest.

But when "John Citizen" thinks of the holes in his socks, the cup of tea he has in bed, and the dinner always ready for him when he returns home, he hesitates. Maybe he has something there.



A DIVINING rod which finds the queen in a hive of 50,000 bees and a device which sounds an alarm when a hive is about to swarm and automatically leads them to a new home, have just been demonstrated privately to London bee-keepers.

The inventions are the work of Gilbert A. R. Tones, a television inventor and ex-B.B.C. engineer, of West Wickham, Kent, who applies research to his hobby of bee-keeping.

Secret of both devices is a special active material, a minute speck of which is painted on the back of the queen, so that she sends out an invisible ray.

As the divining rod, a tube connected with batteries, passes over the queen in the hive, a loud noise is heard in a miniature loud speaker or in headphones. It is so sensitive that the queen can be heard approaching.



IN the second device, the queen, as she approaches the hive exit to lead a swarm, registers her presence on a similar tube across the front of the hive, to which is attached a spare chamber. The signal can sound a buzzer.

At the same time automatic shutters close the normal exit from the hive and open another into the new hive. The queen is compelled to go into this, and her colony follow her to set up their new home.

Bee-master S. W. Gadge at the London Zoo hopes to give the first public demonstration in Regent's Park.

Ron Richards

Good
Morning



Now that's what we call a nice sensible hat. Stops your complexion from getting sunburned. Yes, we said "complexion."

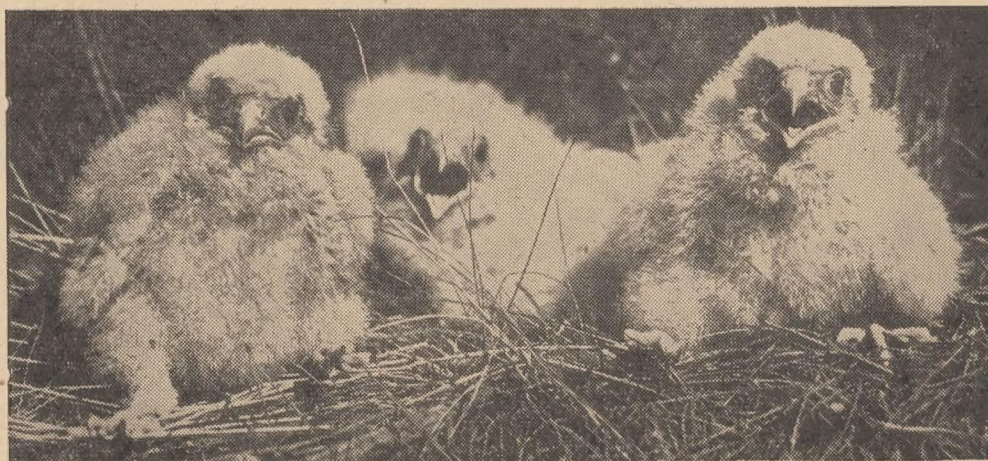


★ CONVOY UNDER WAY ★



"Of course, I've got a barrage balloon; my cargo's fruit, and what with Vit. C and things, you know."

This England "Sensible submariners," or "Five minutes before they open." In the gentle village of Stoke Gabriel, Devonshire, where the sun knows how to shine.



Chicks? No! When they grow up, these young falcons will be chicks' worst enemies.



"Now, keep your curiosity in check, my dear. We thoroughbred Persians mustn't mix with that common fellow down below."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Where do you think you are—quarter-deck?"